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MARBLE HILL, - - MISSOURI.

SPEAKING of the proposed international yacht race—here's hoping the best boat will win, always provided that the best boat flies the colors of good old Uncle Sam.

THERE are 1,995 men and sixty-nine women in the Missouri penitentiary. There may be more women than men in heaven, but if it wasn't for the men the bird cages would hold the criminals of the country.

OF the eleven thousand vessels that passed through the Suez canal in the last three years, just six, or two a year, had the American flag flying. This is a humiliating truth, but one well for Americans to know.

A TREE discovered in Africa yields a grain for bread and a fatty substance that is an excellent substitute for butter. The explorer who has seen it is a truthful man, and mentions no fruit on its branches to serve for jam.

A NEW YORK morning paper, which is somewhat boastful of its specials from the seat of war in China, gives a circumstantial account, with numerous diagrams, of the naval battle fought off the mouth of the Yalu river nearly two months ago. As an effort at historical exposition it is a success. As a sample of dispatch in news-gathering it is not.

THE flint-glass workers say they have \$50,000 in their treasury, but instead of using it to support strikers in idleness they propose to turn it in as part of the capital to start a co-operative factory to give them employment. Whether the enterprise proves successful or otherwise it means business. The other course would mean premeditated indolence.

REPORTS on the success of small fruit farming for jams and jellies, impressed on English farmers by Mr. Gladstone, should be studied in this country. Lands in England on which men could not live as raisers of stock, grain, hay and roots have been made exceedingly profitable by cultivating strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, red, white and black currants and such like.

LIEUTENANT HALPIN of the United States navy has greatly simplified, if not solved, the coast defense problem by inventing a curious little infernal machine. He can turn the torpedo at the rate of twelve knots an hour through the water, attack a ship miles away and steer the torpedo back to the point whence it started. If this marine monster is reliable, fortifications are of secondary and slight importance.

ABOUT all that can be said of the Baltimore jeweler who was taken in by two crooks in the sale of spurious ornaments is that he was engaged in a get-rich-quick flyer that had the usual termination. In these days reliable dealers are not selling any goods at half their value. The fact that they were offered very cheap should in itself have convinced the purchaser that at least some of them were spurious.

THERE has been talk in New York of moving canal boats by trolley as soon as the great motors at Niagara Falls are started up, but this idea has been partly anticipated in France by the application of storage batteries, which send the canal boats along at a speed of two and a half miles an hour. The trolley is about to be introduced on one French canal, and the current will be generated by the feed water of the different levels.

A 12-YEAR-OLD boy, Freddie Griffith, lies on a sick bed at Montclair, N. J., with 2,000 grafts of skin from other persons on his body. To this number 3,000 more will have to be added before his epidermis is in order for the outer air. When Freddie dies, an interesting problem will be set to St. Peter; a sort of parallel, so to say, of the case of the biblical single wife and seven brother-husbands "who all had her." Freddie will be covered with the hides of persons other than himself. How will his beatitude or damnation be served out—personally or vicariously; to the grafted or the grafters?

IT is now announced that a French physician has been giving to the Academy of Science in Paris an account of the successful application of his system of restoring life to people struck apparently dead by electric shocks. One thing which may be noted in all these discussions as to reviving the electrocuted is that the physicians who claim that the system is so effective have never expressed their willingness to submit to an electric shock themselves and have the experiment tried on them. They want to blow the bellows and supply the respiration for some other fellow. They draw the line between scientific enthusiasm and altruism.

RELIGION OF JESUS.

IT IS LIGHTING UP DARKEST INDIA.

Hindooism going down before the Truths of the Humble Nazarene—Dr. Talmage Praises the Self Sacrifice of Christ's Missionaries.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 16.—Rev. Dr. Talmage to-day delivered the third of his series of "round the world" sermons through the press, the subject being the "Burning of the Dead," and the text: "They have hands but they handle not, feet have they but they walk not, neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them." Psalm 115:vi-viii. The life of the missionary is a luxurious and indolent life; Hindooism is a life that ought not to be interfered with; Christianity is guilty of an impertinence when it invades heathendom; you must put in the same line of reverence Brahma, Buddha, Mohammed and Christ. To refute these slanders and blasphemies now so prevalent, and to spread out before the Christian world the contrast between idolatrous and Christian countries, I preach this third sermon in my "round the world" series.

In this discourse I take you to the very headquarters of heathendom, to the very capital of Hindooism: for what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, and what Jerusalem is to the Christian, Benares, India, is to the Hindoo. We arrived there in the evening, and the next morning we started out early, among other things to see the burning of the dead. We saw it, cremation not as many good people in America and England are now advocating it, namely, the burning of the dead in clean, and orderly, and refined crematory, the hot furnace soon reducing the human form to a powder to be carefully preserved in an urn; but cremation as the Hindoos practice it. We got into a boat and were rowed down the river Ganges until we came opposite to where five dead bodies lay, four of them women wrapped in red garments, and a man wrapped in white. Our boat fastened, we waited and watched. High piles of wood were on the bank, and this wood is carefully weighed on large scales, according as the friends of the deceased can afford to pay for it. In many cases only a few sticks can be afforded, and the dead body is burned only a little, and then thrown into the Ganges. But where the relatives of the deceased are well to do, an abundance of wood in pieces four or five feet long is purchased. Two or three layers of sticks are then put on the ground to receive the dead form. Small pieces of sandalwood are inserted to produce fragrance. The deceased is lifted from the resting place and put upon this wood. Then the cover is removed from the face of the corpse and it is bathed with water of the Ganges. Then several more layers of wood are put upon the body, and other sticks are placed on both sides of it, but the head and feet are left exposed. Then a quantity of grease sufficient to make everything inflammable is put on the wood, and into the mouth of the dead. Then one of the rich men in Benares, his fortune made in this way, furnishes the fire, and, after the priest has mumbled a few words, the eldest son walks three times around the sacred pile, and then applies the torch, and the fire blazes up, and in a short time the body has become the ashes which relatives throw into the Ganges.

Benares is imposing in the distance as you look at it from the other side of the Ganges. The forty-seven ghats, or flights of stone steps, reaching from the water's edge to the buildings high up on the banks, mark a place for the ascent and descent of the sublimities. The eye is lost in the bewildering of tombs, shrines, minarets, palaces and temples. It is the glorification of steps, the triumph of stairways. But looked close by, the temples, though large and expensive, are anything but attractive. The seeming gold in many cases turns out to be brass. The precious stones in the wall turn out to be paint. The marble is stucco. The slippery and disgusting steps lead you to images of horrible visage, and the flowers put upon the altar have their fragrance submerged by that which is the opposite to aromatics.

After you have seen the ghats, the two great things in Benares that you must see are the Golden and Monkey temples. About the vast Golden temple there is not as much gold as would make an English sovereign. The air itself is asphyxiated. Here we see men making gods out of mud and then putting their hands together in worship of that which themselves have made. Sacred cows walk up and down the temple. Here stood a Fakir with a right arm uplifted, and for so long a time that he could not take it down, and the nails of the hand had grown until they looked like serpents winding in and around the palm.

We took a carriage and went still further on to see the Monkey temple, so called because in and around the building monkeys abound and are kept as sacred. All evolutionists should visit this temple devoted to the family

from which their ancestors came. These monkeys chatter and wink, and climb, and look wise, and look silly, and have full possession of the place. We were asked at the entrance of the Monkey temple to take off our shoes because of the sacredness of the place, but a small contribution placed in the hands of an attendant resulted in a permission to enter with our shoes on. As the golden temple is dedicated to Siva, the poison god, this Monkey temple is dedicated to Siva's wife, a deities, that must be propitiated, or she will disease, and blast, and destroy. For centuries this spiriture has been worshiped. She is the goddess of scold, and slap, and termagancy. She is supposed to be a supernatural Xantippe, hence to her are brought flowers and rice, and here and there the flowers are spattered with the blood of goats slain in sacrifice.

As we walk to-day through this Monkey temple we must not hit, or tease, or hurt one of them. Two Englishmen years ago lost their lives by the maltreatment of a monkey. Passing along one of these Indian streets, a monkey did not soon enough get out of the way and one of these Englishmen struck it with his cane. Immediately the people and the priests gathered around these strangers, and the public wrath increased until the two Englishmen were pounded to death for having struck a monkey. No land in all the world so reveres the monkey as India, as no other land has a temple called after it. One of the rajahs of India spent 100,000 rupees in the marriage of two monkeys. A nuptial procession was formed in which moved camels, elephants, tigers, cattle and palanquins of richly dressed people. Bands of music sounded the wedding march. Dancing parties kept the night sleepless. It was twelve days before the monkey and monkey were free from their round of gay attentions. In no place but India could such a carnival have occurred. But, after all, while we can not approve of the monkey temple, the monkey is sacred to hilarity. I defy any one to watch a Monkey one minute without laughter. Why was this creature made? For the world's amusement. The mission of some animals is left doubtful and we can not see the use of this or that quadruped, or this or that insect, but the mission of the ape is certain; all around the world it entertains. Whether seated at the top of this temple in India, or cutting up its antics on the top of a hand organ, it stirs the sense of the ludicrous; tickles the diaphragm into cackling; topples gravity into play, and accomplishes that for which it was created. The eagle, and the lion, and the gazelle, and the robin no more certainly have their mission than has the monkey. But it implies a low form of Hindooism when this embodied mimicry of the human race is lifted into worship. In one of the cities for the first time in my life I had an opportunity of talking with a Fakir, or a Hindoo who has renounced the world and lives on alms. He sat under a rough covering on a platform of brick. He was covered with the ashes of the dead, and was at the time rubbing more of those ashes upon his arms and legs. He understood and spoke English. I said to him, "How long have you been seated here?" He replied, "Fifteen years." "Have those idols which I see power to help or destroy?" He said, "No; they only represent God. There is but one God."

Question—When people die where do they go to?

Answer—That depends upon what they have been doing. If they have been doing good, to heaven; if they have been doing evil, to hell.

Question—But do you not believe in the transmigration of souls, and that after death we go into birds or animals of some sort.

Answer—Yes; the last creature a man is thinking of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a bird he will go into a bird; and if he is thinking of a cow he will go into a cow.

Question—I thought you said that at death the soul goes to heaven or hell?

Answer—He goes there by a gradual process. It may take him years and years.

Question—Can any one become a Hindoo? Could I become a Hindoo?

Answer—Yes, you could.

Question—How could I become a Hindoo?

Answer—By doing as the Hindoos do.

But as I looked upon the poor, filthy wretch, bedaubing himself with the ashes of the dead, I thought the last thing on earth I would want to become would be a Hindoo. I expressed to a missionary who overheard the conversation between the Fakir and myself my amazement at some of the doctrines the Fakir announced. The missionary said: "The Fakirs are very accommodating, and supposing you to be a friend of Christianity, he announced the theory of one God, and that of rewards and punishments."

And now as to the industrious malignancy of missionaries: It has been said by some travelers after their return to America or England that the missionaries are living a life full of indolence and luxury. That is a falsehood that I would say is as high as heaven if it did not go down in the opposite direction. When strangers

come into these tropical climates, the missionaries do their best to entertain them, making sacrifices for that purpose. In the city of Benares a missionary told me that a gentleman coming from England into one of the mission stations of India, the missionaries banded together to entertain him. Among other things, they had a ham boiled, prepared and beautifully decorated, and the same ham was passed around from house to house as this stranger appeared, and in other respects a conspiracy of kindness was effected. The visitor went back to England and wrote and spoke of the luxury in which the missionaries of India were living. Americans and Englishmen come to these tropical regions and find a missionary living under palms and with different styles of fruits on his table, and forget that palms are here as cheap as hickory or pine in America, and rich fruits as cheap as plain apples. They find here missionaries sleeping under punkas, these fans swung day and night by coolies, and forget that four cents a day is good wages here, and the man finds himself. Four cents a day for a coachman; a missionary can afford to ride. There have been missionaries who have come to these hot climates resolving to live as the natives live, and one or two years have finished their work, their chief use on missionary ground being that of furnishing for a large funeral the chief object of interest. So far from living in idleness, no men on earth work so hard as the missionaries now in the foreign field. Against fearful odds, and with three millions of Christians opposed to two hundred and fifty millions of Hindoos, Mohammedans and other false religions, these missionaries are trying to take India for God. Let the good people of America, and England, and Scotland, and of all Christendom add 99½ per cent to their appreciation of the fidelity and consecration of foreign missionaries. Far away from home, in an exhausting climate, and compelled to send their children to England, Scotland or America so as to escape the corrupt conversation and behavior of the natives, these men and women of God toil on until they drop into their graves. But they will get their chief appreciation when their work is over and the day is won, as it will be won. No place in heaven will be too good for them. Some of the ministers at home who live on salaries of \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year, preaching the gospel of him who had not where to lay his head, will enter heaven and be welcomed, and while looking for a place to sit down, they will be told: "Yonder in that lower line of thrones you will take your places. Not on the thrones nearest the king; they are reserved for the missionaries!"

Meanwhile let all Christendom be thrilled with gladness. About 25,000 converts in India every year under the Methodist missions, and about 25,000 converts under the Baptist missions, and about 75,000 converts under all missions every year. But more than that, Christianity is undermining heathenism, and not a city, or town, or neighborhood of India, but directly, or indirectly, feels the influence; and the day speeds on when Hindooism will go down with a crash. There are whole villages which have given up their gods, and where not an idol is left. The serfdom of womanhood in many places is being unloosened, and the iron grip of caste is being relaxed. Human sacrifices have ceased, and the last spark of the funeral pyre or which the widow must leap has been extinguished, and the juggernaut, stopped, now stands as a curiosity for travelers to look at. All India will be taken for Christ. If any one has any disheartenments let him keep them as his own private property; he is welcome to all of them. But if any man has any encouragement to utter, let him utter them. What we want in the church and the world is less croaking owls of the night and more morning larks with spread wing ready to meet the advancing day. Fold up Naomi and Windham, and give us Ariel or Mount Pisgah, or Corcoran. I had the joy of preaching in many of the cities of India, and seeing the dusky faces of the natives illuminated with heavenly anticipations. In Calcutta while the congregation were yet seated I took my departure for a railroad train. I preached by the watch up to the last minute. A swift carriage brought me to the station not more than half a minute before starting. I came nearer to missing the train than I hope any one of us will come to missing heaven.

An Impression.
The reed bird, delicate and delicious, lay supine on a bit of toast, when Uncle Caleb from New Jersey sat down.

"Are you fond of the little fowl?" asked the hostess.

"Well," he replied, "ez fur taste, they're fine. But ez fur 'pearance, I must say they 'mind me of a mosquiter growed up."

Sentimental Occupation.

Wife—Pretty condition you are in! What were you doing at the club this time of night? Just tell me that.

Husband—M'dear, we were (his) shing—shing—Home, Sweet Home.

TO DO AWAY WITH SMOKE.

A Belgian Officer Discovers a Very Useful Process.

Col. Dulier of the Belgian engineers has discovered an easy and economical method of doing away with London smoke. The smoke enters a chimney shaped like the letter N. At the bottom of the left hand leg it is met by a small jet of steam, which saturates the smoke and accelerates the draft. At the top of the leg a spray of water drives down the soot and noxious products, allowing only almost pure vapor to escape up the last leg. Half the acids and 94 per cent of the soot are thus removed. They are sent down into the sewers, where they act as disinfect-



COL. DULIER.

The system can be applied to a factory for about \$250, and to a single dwelling house for \$12 or \$15.

Five Thousand Pounds Going a-Begging

The following remarkable paragraph is published by the Bristol Times and Mirror: "I am a photographer in Bristol, and one of the queerest experiences I have ever had was the following: One day a gentleman of about 40 walked into the shop, purchased the photograph of a young lady which was exhibited in the window, and, having inquired her name and address, which I was unable to give him, for I had only recently purchased the business, and the books were muddled—left me, having previously informed me that he would give £20 to any one who discovered her. After that he took the most active steps to find her, without avail. He died five years ago, unmarried, and in his will left a legacy of £5,000 to the nameless young lady whose photograph he had purchased, to go to her if she were found within seven years of his death. Money was also left to the executors to enable them to prosecute a search for her. Less than two years now remain, and the lady has never been discovered. We shall be pleased if any of our readers find themselves entitled to this legacy."

Fad of Rich Miss Green.

Miss Sylvia Green has a fad which is hers by inheritance. It is for money. But, unlike her mother, Mrs. Hetty Green, it is not for the making of money, but for saving it. She is constantly in fear of the poor house, and is afraid to spend a cent. She has \$3,000,000 in her own right from her grandfather, but spends nothing. She is most agreeable to live with, being quiet, amiable and accommodating, though not so cheerful as she might be. She is not stingy to the household, but will not spend a cent on herself. She has devised almost every kind of bank for saving her "spare"



SYLVIA GREEN.

change, and is always looking ahead into the future, with her money hidden in her hand for safe keeping. Her friends say that this is the result of her early training and will be eradicated if she ever comes into the fifty or so millions her mother will leave her.

The Naval Reserve.

Our naval reserve has been commended for its handiness at the guns and the more peculiarly fighting side of the profession, but is pronounced deficient in seamanship. But, after all, what is seamanship on a modern steamer? Since the days that the cloud of sail has given way to the cloud of smoke the sailor is mainly a slave to the holy-stone and brass polish.

Pelican's Great Wings.

The great pelican often has a wing spread of fifteen feet. The bird itself sometimes exceeds twenty-five pounds in weight.